THE

LADY'S

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

NOVEMBER, 1808.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

THE literary talents of this lady have long been held in high estimation by the public; she has not acquired her reputation by the mere invention of those flimsy productions which issue every day from the press, but by producing works of general utility, and the most excellent morality. Few particulars have transpired respecting her private history, which, it is probable, would offer but little variety. Her family and connections are highly respectable, and having received a liberal education, she has devoted her time, from an early age, to the pursuit of literature, in which she has been assisted by the mature judgment and classical taste of her brother, Mr. Edgeworth, with whom she has ever been connected in such close bonds of social amity and congeniality of sentiment, as to have made her regardless of all such offers as might have obliged her to relinquish his society. Conjointly, they produced a work, which, on its first appearance, was sanctioned by critical approbation, entitled "Practical Education." It would exceed our limits to enter into a

minute investigation of its merits; we can, therefore, only echo the praise that has already been bestowed on it, and which we consider as the just tribute due to its excellence. —"Belinda," an interesting novel, is also the production of her creative genius; her other publications are—"Leonora,"—"The Modern Griseldis,"—"Castle Rackrent,"—an "Essay on Irish Bulls," and "The Match Girl," all of which have been received with extreme approbation. In domestic life, Miss Maria Edgeworth has ever maintained a character truly amiable and respectable, and though never known presumptuously to obtrude on the notice of the public, her merits have secured her the esteem of many friends, highly distinguished for talents and virtue.

THE BUSY BODY.

NO. VII.

I WAS just concluding my last paper, when my officious hand-maiden rushing into my apartment, with an aspect of horror, exclaimed, "Poor Agnes Mackintosh!"—"What of her?" cried I, surprised at the exclamation. "Oh, madam, the dear sweet girl is dead; and this was to have been her wedding-day."—"Heaven's will be done!" I replied, "her shroud may be happier for her than her wedding sheets."—"I doubt that, madam; poor unhappy creature, she has done a rash thing." Her last words shocked me indescribably. "Why surely," said I, laying down my pen, "she has not presumed to rush before her time into the presence of her Creator?"—"She has indeed; and, what is more astonishing, nobody can guess the reason. Well, well, I always said no good would come of her slighting poor Hugh Jenkins; he was a good-natured honest lad, though not quite so fine a gentleman as some folks: this comes of pride and vanity."—"To understand your moral, I must hear the tale."—"That you shall soon do, madam; for I have sent Inquiry to sift out every particular, and I

will answer for it, he will not return without his errand. Oh, here he comes." But, not to tire my readers with the loquacity and circumlocution of my man and maid, I will relate the history in my own way. The parents of Agnes Mackintosh were but poor tradespeople in the village where I occasionally reside. Agnes being endowed with an uncommon share of beauty, was considered a prodigy by her parents, and as they were in the practice of letting lodgings to people of credit, Agnes had opportunities of learning several little accomplishments from their casual inmates, which she would otherwise have had no idea of; and, by degrees, acquired notions of self-consequence, which proved in the end her greatest misfortune. Listening to the praises and encomiums which were universally lavished on the pretty Agnes, her parents were at length persuaded to send her for a few years to an eminent boarding-school, where the mischief was completed, and Agnes returned only to feel disgust at the humble situation of her father and mother, and an anxious desire to rise from the obscurity of her present condition. Among the many rustic suitors, whom her personal charms had attracted, was a young carpenter, named Hugh Jenkins: he was sober, industrious, and good-tempered; but Agnes considered an humble mechanic far beneath her notice, and treated him with the most chilling neglect. Poor Hugh, disappointed in the fond expectations he had formed, soon began to neglect his occupation; the despondency of his mind forced him into unsettled habits, and he who had once possessed the respect and good-will of the whole village, became at length one of the most dissolute in it. But reflection soon reminded him of his misconduct, and he felt shame at the retrospection; his native place became hateful to him, and, in the hope of quitting it for ever, he enlisted into a marching regiment, quarted in the nearest market-town. Agnes felt a moment's concern on his account, but vanity soon taught her to subdue all such emotions, and a new lover banished from her thoughts the unfor-

tunate Hugh. A young gentleman, of agreeable manners, and uncommonly handsome person, came with a view of recovering health, after a severe fit of illness, to lodge in the house kept by the parents of Agnes. Mrs. Mackintosh being at the time laid up with a rheumatic complaint, the office of nurse to both the invalids devolved upon the pretty Agnes, who soon took a lively interest in the occupation. Hammond, grateful for her kind attentions, and captivated by her person, expressed his gratitude in such energetic terms, as could not be misunderstood, even by the inexperienced girl to whom they were addressed; and when restored by her tender cares to convalescence, he still protracted his stay, days and weeks beyond his intended term. Mrs. Mackintosh could not but perceive how things were going on, and, alarmed for her daughter's honour, cautioned her against forming an attachment, which had, alas! already taken too deep root to be easily eradicated by the cold suggestions of prudence. At length, finding the matter grow serious, Mrs. Mackintosh very explicitly informed Hammond, that he must either resolve to marry Agnes, or relinquish her society; "For, in gude troth, sir," observed the warm Scotchwoman, "though we may lack gear more than our neighbours, we are descended from as ancient and reputable a family as any i' the north; and I would ha' ye to ken, sir, that my gude man would nae brook the dishonour of his cheeld fra' ere a lord i' the peerage."—"I revere your sentiments, Mrs. Mackintosh," replied Hammond, after a short hesitation, "and love your daughter well enough to make her my wife; but at present there are obstacles."—"Tell me not of obstacles," interrupted the indignant mother, "'tis but a sorry plea. The same obstacle which prevents your espousing the girl, should ha' prevented you from seeking to win her affections; in a word, sir, take your choice—if you marry not, you tarry not." Hammond, finding it useless to contend, at length assured her that he was willing to marry her daughter; and the good woman joyfully communicated the

intelligence to Agnes, who as joyfully received it. The parents actually hurried him into the measure, and the day was at length fixed for the ceremony. During the interval, Hammond received several letters from town, which seemed to give him much anxiety, and he secretly informed Agnes that particular circumstances prevented him fulfilling his promise until he had been to town to arrange some business, which could not be neglected; entreating her, at the same time, to invent some plausible excuse for the unavoidable delay. Agnes heard him with chagrin, but without suspicion; and conceiving herself almost as certainly his wife as if the ceremony had taken place, suffered tenderness to predominate over prudence, and sacrificed her virtue to a villain.

On the morning of the day previous to that which had been appointed for their marriage, Hammond received another letter, which he perused with evident agitation; Agnes entreated to know the contents, but his only answer was, that it concerned none but his own family, and rendered his immediate return to town indispensable. "How shall I break it to my mother?" enquired the alarmed Agnes, "I dread the violence of her temper."—"Say what you please," returned he hastily; "say the death of a relation, or any thing; be assured, my love, I will soon return, and then you shall know all." He then embraced her fondly, and hurried away. When Agnes recovered from the shock of his abrupt departure, she hastened to her apartment to hide her tears, but, on the stairs, the first object she beheld was the fatal letter; her curiosity could not be repressed, she hastily tore it open, and the contents overwhelmed her with horror. It was from an upbraiding wife, who had obtained a knowledge of his base proceedings, and threatened him with a shameful exposure, if he did not immediately return to her. Wretched Agnes, what were her feelings? Her shrieks of anguish drew her mother to the spot; the dreadful secret was revealed, with a full confession of guilt from the distracted girl, who was

loaded with reproaches by her angry parent. "Disgrace of our family," cried Mrs. Mackintosh, "is this the way in which you have repaid all our cares and expence; infamous creature! your father will spurn you from his feet; your vile seducer will despise you, and your lot will be shame and misery!" The picture was too probable, and too horrible, for the agonized girl to endure: all her ambitious hopes were blasted for ever, and death, an impious death, terminated her misconduct. When the first ebullitions of rage had subsided, maternal affection resumed its sway, and she sought her unhappy child, but reached her room in time only to witness her last agonies. The poison she had desperately swallowed was too certain in its effects to admit of relief, and the only consolation the unhappy girl experienced, was the forgiveness of her wretched parents. What may be the sensations of the villain who was the cause of this calamity, I know not; but, if he has not the soul of a fiend, he must feel remorse, which no time can remove.

WHIMSICAL MISAPPREHENSION.

MR. HARRIOT, in his "Struggles through Life," relates the following anecdote:—"Mrs. W———, a lady resident in India, having prevailed on her husband to send home for an English footman, to wait upon her, which his interest had managed, George made his appearance while I was there. It was a custom in India, at that time, as soon as dinner was removed, for some of the palanquin bearers to bring in a large bason and ewer of water, with which they attended behind every chair; when each person putting his hands at the back, one of the men poured water on them from the ewer, while another held the bason underneath. George, who had noticed this mode for a day or two, willing to shew his attention by waiting upon his lady himself, took the ewer from the palanquin bearer, and was continuing to pour the water on his mistress's hands,

notwithstanding she called out to him to desist, and speaking in Moors, as she thought to the Moormen, saying, "*Bus, bus, ge." But George did not understand the Moorish tongue, and being doubtful whether it was plain English, he continued pouring, but watching a repetition of what his mistress said. The lady likewise being engaged in relating something laughable about men wearing whiskers, was not very attentive to the water pouring; but recollecting herself, she turned her face half round, saying, rather smartly, "Bus, bus, ge, I say." On which poor George, thinking he could not mistake her meaning, very sheepishly put his chin close to her shoulder, whispering, that "he would with a great deal of pleasure, if his master were not present." I believe no one heard besides the good lady, and she thought it too good a joke to keep to herself; therefore, as soon as she could refrain from excess of laughter, she explained the whisper, to the great entertainment of the whole company; Poor George excepted, who was obliged to retreat.

HUMOUROUS ANECDOTE.

DOCTOR T—— was considerably advanced in years, and rather deaf. An old college chum had for many years made a convenient point of visiting the doctor, or rather a visitation of a few weeks, to the doctor's hospitable mansion, where he always found a hearty welcome; although, being of the leaky sort, he was not the best suited for a sober man's companion; but the doctor's good-nature overlooked what he did not wish to have seen in his old chum. This gentleman arriving at the doctor's on an evening when he had company, with many of whom he was acquainted, was in such high spirits from the circling glass,

* "Enough, enough, you."

that he could not refrain from an attempt to pass a joke at his friend's expence. The doctor was engaged with some ladies at a card-table, while the gentlemen were regaling with the bottle. The visitor hinted his intentions, and was advised against it; but persevering, he moved to the back of his friend's chair, and raising his voice loud enough for the doctor to hear, enquired if his old favourite, black-eyed Betty (who made the doctor's bed while at college) was alive and well. The doctor would not hear, and continued his game with the greatest composure; but the ladies could not forbear tittering and laughing, which encouraged the visitor to repeat his enquiry a little louder. The doctor, rising deliberately from his chair, said he was sorry his chum could not make it more agreeable to stay longer, but would order the servant to bring out his horse; and, taking up his silver bell from the table, he rang until his housekeeper appeared, to whom he gave directions about his chum's horse being ordered out. As soon as the noise of the bell would permit, the visitor wished to explain, saying his friend misunderstood him, nothing in the world being farther from his thoughts than being in a hurry to go away, as he had come purposely to stay a week or two with him as usual. The doctor, however, still turned a deaf ear; begged his friend not to apologise about making so short a visit, and again set his bell to work, for the servant to bring the gentleman's great coat, as he was in a hurry. At every interval of ringing the bell and giving orders to hasten bringing the horse, the visitor attempted an explanation; but the doctor, with a composed pleasant countenance, (while the whole company were ready to burst with endeavours to refrain from laughing) as often repeated his request, that his friend would not make so many apologies about the matter, fairly hurried him out of the house, saw him mounted, wished him a good night, and assured his chum, that when he could make it agreeable to stay longer, he should be glad to see him again.

THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER.

(Continued from page 182.)

THOUGH our hospitable host and hostess repeatedly implored the rector and his lady to take possession of their bed, and offered to make up another for Benson and myself, yet, as we could none of us hope to enjoy sleep, we all seated ourselves round a large oaken table, and began conversing upon the calamity which had so unexpectedly happened; summoning each servant separately before us, for the purpose of endeavouring to discover at what hour they retired to rest, as Mrs. Hemmington was fearful one of the females was in the habit of reading in bed.

A little reflection, however, convinced us, that the smell of fire had been perceptible before the servants retired, as I had remarked it to Mr. Hemmington, who unfortunately imagined it proceeded from the brick-kiln; and as the flame appeared to have burst out in several places at the same moment, it struck me that it had been wilfully set on fire; to avow this opinion was to excite suspicion, and so universally respected were the amiable Mr. and Mrs. Hemmington, that it appeared unlikely that any person could be depraved enough to do them an intentional injury; I therefore thought it would be most prudent to confine the suspicion within my own breast.

Though the rectory had been insured, yet Mr. Hemmington had several manuscripts of incalculable value, which fell victims to the destructive element, and the loss of these, I plainly discovered, affected the intelligent author of them more than he chose to express. Breakfast was scarcely ended, when a scene truly gratifying presented itself; for, before we thought intelligence of the accident could have been circulated beyond the neighbourhood, we perceived carriages drive up to the honest farmer's, some of the owners of which resided near eight miles distant.—Nothing could more strikingly evince the esteem of every

description of persons, than the zeal with which they offered their services; and, from the dashing carriage and four, to the humble mistress of a little chaise-cart, all brought some article of apparel; each having been informed that the fire had raged with such fury as to prevent the possibility of preserving any thing. Those who possessed houses of any magnitude, entreated the pious pastor to bring all his family to them; and those who had not accommodation for so large a party, requested the company of the children and their nurse; in short, every person seemed to vie with the other, in testifying their regard, generosity, and esteem.

If every teacher of the orthodox religion followed the example of the amiable Mr. Hemmington, we should not have so many deserters from the christian faith; neither should we see our churches scantily filled, or the meeting-houses completely crowded, perhaps to hear a cobler, or a taylor preach!

My fair readers, I flatter myself, will pardon a digression, not totally foreign to the theme; though I fear they will not easily forgive me for keeping them so long ignorant of the fate of the amiable Miss Middleton; from whom the fates seemed determined to keep me separate, though she was never one moment out of my thoughts.

A house, which had been fitted up for a friend of Sir Edward Stanley's, being to let, partly furnished, in consequence of the sudden death of its intended possessor, as he was on the road to the spot, induced Mr. Hemmington to decline the friendly propositions which had been made him, and immediately to become tenant to Sir Edward; as the house happened not to be more than an hundred yards from the church. This desirable habitation was inclosed in a paddock of about five acres, which terminated in a shrubbery; and, before night, the whole presented a scene to us, which, in appearance, reminded me of a fair; for no sooner was it known that the worthy rector had hired Woodbine Cottage, (the appellation given to Sir Edward's

house) than each neighbour sent or brought some elegant or useful article, which, as the greater number of the rooms were cleaning, were spread upon the lawn.

An equal attention was paid to our palates, as our convenience, for the larder was actually filled with cold ham, beef, ducks, and chickens; in short, plenty seemed to have sprung from devastation. When the different articles were collected together, which had been preserved, I had the satisfaction of finding my friend's loss had not been quite so great as he at first supposed; though his books, independant of the manuscripts, were worth more than seven hundred pounds. A box of plate had been rescued by the active exertions of Benson, who hearing the footman lament his inability to save it, demanded where it was; then throwing a wet blanket over his whole person, crawled into the closet where the plate was deposited, upon his hands and knees*, and providentially received no other injury than what arose from the former being a little scorched.

My impatience to behold the beloved object of my affection increased with the obstructions which seemed daily to arise to prevent the accomplishment of my wishes; for, on the morning after the fire, Mr. Hemmington received an anonymous letter, which not only excited his suspicions, but strengthened those I had silently indulged; for the writer demanded, whether it was not an extraordinary circumstance, that the flames should burst from four different parts of the dwelling that had no communication; and my friend entreated me to aid his endeavours to discover whether our suspicions were well or ill-founded.

To have refused such a request was impossible: particularly as I had some reason to suppose myself the innocent

* The description of the fire is not fictitious; and is a well-known fact, that fire-men have rescued many hundred pounds of property by the means Benson adopted.

cause of the calamity; as I accidentally discovered one of my cousin's servants had suddenly quitted his situation on the morning after the fire; and, to render the circumstance still more striking, it was the fellow who had been dispatched by my aunt's housekeeper to fetch the heir at law, when that dear and amiable woman was suddenly seized with death. This fellow had never been a favourite with me; for, amongst all the domestics, he was the only one whose external respect seemed to proceed from fear, rather than regard; and he it was who fetched the pocket-book, which contained the papers that put me into the possession of my legacy.

The sudden departure of this man, without any reason being assigned for it, or his fellow-servants ever knowing he was going to quit his place, was in itself sufficient to excite suspicion; and I did not hesitate to express mine to Mr. Hemmington, who resolved to call upon my unprincipled relation, for the purpose of enquiring why this favourite domestic had been so suddenly discharged.

My friend being well aware that painful emotions would be excited by inviting me to accompany him to the happy abode of my youth, did not request me to do it; but, as I never suffer my own feelings to interfere with the interest or happiness of any being I am attached to, I would not suffer him to go alone. My relation was the only one of Mr. Hemmington's parishioners who had not evinced their sympathy for his misfortune more forcibly than by a few complimentary words; but he had merely sent a servant to enquire after the family's health, without offering the slightest mark of civility to a man for whom he had frequently expressed the strongest friendship and esteem.

On being ushered into the drawing-room, professions of condolence flowed with such rapidity, that some moments elapsed before Mr. Hemmington could explain the cause of our visit: when, with the unvarnished plainness of truth, my friend told him, he had received a letter,

which gave him reason to suppose the calamity which had befallen him was not the effect of accident; and that, from the sudden flight of his servant, suspicion fell upon him.

It is necessary that a complete villain should possess such a self-command of countenance as to prevent every infernal emotion from being externally displayed; but my cousin had evidently not obtained this ascendancy, for his face alternately changed from red to pale; and he seemed to consider the suspicion which had fallen upon the servant as an insult offered to him. Informing us that he thought suspicion was as despicable a passion as envy, and as likely to destroy the possessor's happiness: "To prevent my servant, sir," continued he, "from having his character injured by false surmises, I must betray the confidence he reposed in me; for, you must know, that a young lady of family has fallen in love with him, and, to prevent the degradation of herself and family, she was sent to a distant relation in Wales, but contrived to elude the vigilance of her guardian, and arrived at a friend of her lover's on the night your accident happened; my servant being made acquainted with the circumstance, of course flew to meet her on the wings of love; but, instead of making his associate a confidant, he thought proper to entrust me with the secret."

This account was delivered with such an air of embarrassment and contradiction, that a child would have discovered that truth was not strictly observed; although my cousin seemed desirous of impressing us with the idea that his own feelings were wounded by his servant having been suspected. Finding neither Mr. Hemmington nor myself made any reply, to what I considered a fabrication, he said, "Well, gentlemen, are you satisfied that my servant was very differently engaged from what you might have imagined on that memorable night?"

"I have no right to doubt your veracity, sir," replied Mr. Hemmington, "but I shall esteem it a favour if you will inform me where the young man's parents live?" But

finding we were not likely to obtain that satisfaction, we arose and took leave, and whilst conversing on our way home upon the improbability of the story which had been related, we unexpectedly met the only person who was likely to throw light upon the subject.

(To be continued.)

HIGHLAND CHARACTERS;

OR, THE

COMMUNICATIVE TOURIST.

TO describe countries which have frequently been described, or to paint scenes which have often been depictured, can neither be likely to instruct or entertain; but to delineate the human mind, and to trace its astonishing variations, gratifies curiosity and inspires pleasure and delight.

In a recent tour made through Scotland, I might fill pages with describing its rivers, mountains, and lakes, or what perhaps might be still more interesting to my readers, minutely specifying its population and its various produce. This I say might be done; yet, after all my trouble, Guthrie or Brook's, would give a more accurate account, and perhaps obtain no greater credit than having followed the path they trod.—To avoid therefore the reproach of plagiarism, I shall merely relate what I saw, and describe a few characters whom I accidentally met upon my road.

Although a native of England, yet as the greater part of my near connections reside in Glasgow, I had long felt a sentiment beyond that of curiosity, to see that beautiful city.—My expectations, I allow, had been raised, but they were not disappointed; the buildings are regular, the streets are kept clean; and so far from perceiving any of that want of delicacy which my countrymen are apt to ascribe to Scotland, I never saw neatness carried to a

greater extent.—Having received a cordial welcome from seven different aunts and uncles, they proposed introducing me to a cousin of the name of Dale, whose philanthropy of disposition I was no stranger to, or to his numerous benevolent deeds.

I felt no small degree of gratification at being related to such a character; and of course was anxious to see this worthy man, whose attention had been directed towards two objects, and while rendering the rising age useful members of society, carefully implanted the seeds of virtue in their minds.

But it may be asked, "Whoever reached the vicinity of Glasgow, without having heard the name of Dale mentioned with a kind of enthusiastic encomium, and a mixture of veneration blended with esteem?" yet, as there are many who must be strangers to this exalted character, and as by example the human mind becomes improved, I shall, for the instruction and entertainment of my readers, give a slight sketch of his life.

Be it known then, that Mr. Dale possesses no hereditary distinctions; for though his family are respectable, he is the founder of that celebrity which will ever be attached to his name, and the institution which he has established will immortalize his memory to succeeding ages, when his venerable form shall be moulded into clay.—He is, in fact, the monarch of a little kingdom; over which he may be said to rule with an olive branch; for love, instead of fear, bind his subjects to allegiance, and his commands are obeyed from the impulse of the heart.

Too many philosophical treatises have been written upon the dreadful effects which arise from large manufactories, both to the injury of the body and the corruption of the mind, to require an elucidation of them in a periodical work; I shall therefore merely say, that the plan Mr. Dale has adopted is peculiarly calculated to lay the axe at the root of vice.—To prevent that contagion which naturally arises from a large assemblage in (comparatively)

a small place, the rooms, constructed for the purpose of carrying on the manufacture of cotton, have indiscriminately a free circulation of air; and the little town of Lanerk, which contains near four thousand of his industrious children, (as he terms them) is built upon the most healthy and judicious plan.

With what gratifying sensations must this worthy relation of mine lay his head upon his pillow? What delightful emotions of joy must fill his heart, when he reflects that two thousand of his fellow-creatures daily derive support from him! Yet he not only provides for the comfort of the body, but he is still more attentive to the improvement of the mind, and though he clothes and feeds five hundred poor children, he makes a point of having them regularly taught their duty to the Creator of the world.—A certain portion of the day is allotted to the manufactory; the rest is alternately devoted to recreation, and attending the different schools, where they are not only instructed in reading and writing, but the principles of that religion by which alone they can save their souls.

On that day which is set apart for peculiar acts of devotion, and on which God rested from his work, these little innocent and happy creatures all assemble for the purpose of offering their Creator the spontaneous effusion of their hearts.—It was a sight which I confess made my bosom thrill with extacy; but the strict observance of the Sabbath was not merely confined to children; for every person of both sexes, employed in the manufactory, unless prevented by indisposition, regularly attended church.—Another regulation, no less essential to morality, is adopted in this little community, namely, that of not permitting the two sexes to associate, and this judicious plan is observed with so much exactness, that even the children are not suffered to play in the same ground.

Though five hundred children are clothed and fed at the expence of the benevolent founder of this excellent institution, near three thousand receive employ; and to prove the

extraordinary attention which is paid to the health of these industrious little creatures, in the space of twelve years only fourteen died.—This number is so disproportioned to the general mortality which in the higher, as well as the lower classes of society takes place, that a superficial enquirer would assert positively, that Lanerk was the healthiest spot upon the globe.—Yet it is not to any peculiar quality in the surrounding atmosphere, that this apparent purity of constitution is to be ascribed; but to the extreme attention which is paid to personal cleanliness, united to a constant circulation of air—in other manufactories children are not only kept to in essant labour for a greater number of hours than their feeble frames can support, but when exhausted nature demands relaxation they retire to their humble pallets with their skins covered with dirt; and from this injudicious mode of conduct, the very sources of perspiration became clogged.

At Lanerk, on the contrary, every child who works in the manufactory, is thoroughly washed before it quits the rooms: and in the summer always enjoys its sportive pleasures near two hours in the open air before it is permitted to quit the precinct of the mills.—Thus enjoyment and industry are happily blended; and by a certain portion of time being devoted to healthy and athletic sports, their nerves become strengthened, a good constitution is established, and a foundation laid for length of years.—Their food is likewise admirably adapted to afford nourishment, and increase bodily strength; and as beef is allowed to be the most nutritious of all aliments, they are chiefly fed upon that; blending a plentiful portion of vegetables with it, and occasionally having it made into barley soup.—Their breakfast and supper generally consists of oatmeal porridge; and, during the herring season, they often dine upon that prolific fish; but salted meats are avoided, though sometimes permitted as a change and a treat.

The methods adopted by the benevolent founder of this institution, would be found highly beneficial to society at large; and were they practised in private families, would doubtless prove serviceable to the rising age.—In so large a community there must be a vast difference of dispositions, yet I think I may venture to assert, that corruption of morals is unknown to any of the inhabitants of Lanerk; for upon any repeated marks of flagrant depravity, the person guilty of it, receives an irrevocable discharge.

Rewards are distributed for the purpose of exciting emulation amongst the children, which produces in their little bosoms the natural love of praise; and the most judicious methods are adopted to inspire them with the dread of shame. Though, for trifling faults, the masters and mistresses are endowed with full authority, yet those of a more serious nature are always referred to Mr. Dale, who, from his dreaded, yet mild mode of reprehension, impresses the criminal with penitence and fear.—On the day I surveyed every part of these extensive buildings, I observed a lovely little girl, about eleven years of age, whose dejected countenance bore a strong affinity to a bunch of cypress, which was stuck in her breast.—It happened to be at the hours allotted to recreation; her companions amused themselves with a variety of different sports, whilst the dejected mourner walked silently backwards and forwards up and down the play ground.

The idea instantly struck me, that the poor child had recently lost some dear relative, and as the five hundred, who are clothed and fed by the humane proprietor of the mills, wear a distinguishing garb, I concluded the sprig of cypress was an emblem of mourning, for the purpose of saving expence.—I therefore accosted the supposed deplorer of a deceased relation, in the most sympathetic tone of voice, " James, you are acting contrary to the laws of this institution!" exclaimed Mr. Dale, " the cypress is worn as a badge of contrition for past offences, and not as the emblem of sorrow for the loss of a deceased friend."

A violent gush of tears burst from the azure eyes of Jenny Gordon, (which was the little girl's name) and, with the most contrite humility, she assured her benefactor she would never tell an untruth again. The penitence she displayed appeared so sincere, that I could not avoid supplicating for pardon. "I am sorry to refuse the first request you ever made me, my dear cousin," replied Mr. Dale, "but a deviation from truth is a fault of such magnitude, that to pardon it immediately would be to encourage vice; besides, I assured her I would not forgive it before Sunday, and in no instance do I ever forfeit my word." There was much decision in Mr. Dale's voice, and too much propriety in his mode of punishing, for me to venture saying another word: I therefore merely cautioned Jenny Gordon against committing a similar fault.

What a lesson does this worthy man's mode of punishment afford parents and teachers! How much more impressive is it than any corporal suffering the rod could inflict? The smart of which is no sooner over, than the sense of it is obliterated from the memory; whilst a week of disgrace deeply affects the mind.

The more I saw of Mr. Dale, the higher was my respect carried; I might have used the term veneration; for I consider him as one of the most perfect of human beings; for though Pope says, "An honest man is the noblest work of the great Creator," I confess that a benevolent one excites stronger feelings of admiration in my mind.

As the next visit I paid was to a very different character, and as virtue appears more transcendantly brilliant when conrtasted with vice, I shall, in the ensuing number, entertain my readers with a characteristic sketch of another relation, who, though born to the inheritance of wealth and distinction, lives, if I may use the expression, totally for himself.

(To be continued.)

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

(Continued from page 301.)

Filial Affection and dignified Sentiments displayed, in Letters from Lord Colville and his Sister.

His Majesty's Ship Europa, Feb. 27, 1808.

THE sable emblem of mortality which confined your letter, my beloved mother, gave such an indescribable shock to my feelings, that some moments elapsed before I had resolution to open it, too well recollecting the delicate state of my dear Louisa's health when I quitted England; but what a variety of sensations did I experience as I perused the astonishing, the unexpected intelligence it contained.

By what a slender thread is human life supported!—What a fragile, what a gossamer-like existence, do the children of this world possess! and yet, how strange it is, that, though daily reminded of our mortality, few, very few of us, should reflect upon death. Though far removed from those scenes of dissolution, my dear mother, which have so recently occurred within our family, yet my tears involuntarily flowed as I read the successive train of melancholy instances, which in the short period of six months had taken place. Poor George! most sincerely do I deplore his untimely fate; he was a noble-minded fellow, and would have done honour to that rank he was never destined to grace. Edward was a mere boy when I last saw him; yet I find at Eton he was admired as a lad of abilities and spirit. Though I come into an unexpected fortune by this melancholy train of dissolution, yet most sincerely, my dearest mother, do I lament the ravages of death.

Lord Colville's former behaviour to the best of parents, excited such a mixture of contempt and abhorrence in my youthful bosom, that had I attained the years of manhood when it happened, I should, in all probability, have de-

eated those proofs of generosity he has displayed towards us at his death; for so indignant were my feelings, that I would willingly have sacrificed my existence, to have been able to chastise him for his insolent arrogance. You tell me, my beloved mother, that his lordship had been prejudiced against you. Prejudiced against a being, who, to be known, must have been admired; but what christian-like conduct do you display towards the memory of the man who insulted you: and what a volume of precept does such unexampled forbearance convey to your admiring son.

To say that I am insensible of the advantages which rank and fortune have bestowed upon me, would be to prove myself undeserving those enjoyments which necessarily spring from them; but so completely was I satisfied with the state of life in which Providence had placed me, and so desirous did I feel of proving my attachment to my country and my king, that could I only have supported the title which has devolved to me, by resigning a profession in which I have been fortunate enough to signalise myself, I would readily have abjured both fortune and rank.

But, my dearest mother, since *my lord* is endowed with the same sensations as Mr. Colville experienced, how could you for one moment imagine that I would supinely waste those hours in inactivity, which might prove beneficial to that country in which I drew my breath? Both the smiles and frowns of fortune are said seldom to appear unattended; and a succession of prosperity, or calamity, generally falls to the lot of her children. In me the truth of the observation has been verified; for, at the moment your letter reached me, I was exulting in the smiles of fortune; or, in other words, I had performed my duty, and received the most flattering marks of the admiral's approbation.

As the little skirmish I was engaged in may obtain publicity, I think it necessary to acquaint you, my dear mother, that I was slightly wounded in my left shoulder; and as circumstances of that nature (I am well aware) are

generally magnified, you probably may hear half my side was cut off. At a period, like the present, can I with honour relinquish my commission? Should I not disgrace both my name and title? For heaven's sake, my beloved mother, do not attempt to stamp cowardice upon the character of your son.

There are but two circumstances in life which can induce me to act in opposition to your wishes; the one is, in proving myself a traitor to my country, by denying it my support; and the other is, in resigning the beloved object who, from the earliest days of childhood, has been dear to my heart. That this idol of my soul should not have been mentioned in your letter, I confess, gave me indescribable concern; for, as want of fortune was the only obstacle you could raise against her union with Lieutenant Colville, that must now be completely banished; for has not fate, (combined with my uncle's generosity) bestowed upon me a profusion of wealth? Yet so little do I value worldly honours, and so truly do I appreciate my Eliza's regard, that willingly would I resign all my newly acquired dignities, if they were to be obtained by the loss of her heart. If any thing could induce me to quit this scene of action until our convoy is recalled, it would be to convince my Eliza that an elevation only made me more desirous of obtaining her hand; and that neither rank nor fortune would afford me any gratification, unless she condescended to become the sharer of them.

How long we are to remain on this station is uncertain; it will, of course, in great measure, depend upon the success of our plans; but, if the same good fortune crowns our undertakings which has attended the commencement of them, you may expect to see our fleet triumphantly enter the British channel in a short time after this letter reaches your hands.

I am delighted with my uncle's attention to his old domestics. You say the number exceeds your wants and wishes; I entreat you to inform the younger ones, that they

have my permission to quit your service, if they can better themselves, and a twelvemonth's wages shall be paid them, in addition to the sum his lordship has bequeathed. The old ones I shall always consider as my property, or, in other words, feel it a duty incumbent upon me to render their latter days comfortable; for I mean to imitate the conduct of the benevolent Mr. Manwaring*, and make a provision for those who spend the best years of their lives in promoting my convenience, comfort, and happiness.

It is impossible, my beloved mother, for me to describe the heartfelt gratification I experience, in being able to evince my gratitude and esteem to the worthy Mr. Mansel; for, next to you, my best of parents, do I owe him obligations beyond the power of language to express. As I know he is desirous of procuring a situation for his eldest son in the company's service, I inclose a draft upon Mr. H———, my deceased uncle's banker, for the sum of one thousand pounds, as a slight mark of esteem and affection for those principles of morality which he took so much pains to instil; and which, I trust, I shall ever endeavour to put in force.

I long to hear my dear Louisa's sentiments of that gaiety and dissipation of which she must, of course, become a partaker: offer her my tenderest remembrance, and entreat her to write to me without the least reserve.

Adieu, my beloved mother, we may possibly meet in the course of a few weeks; and, whenever I can quit my profession, without the danger of incurring censure, I shall consider it a duty incumbent upon me to be guided by your advice; well aware that your happiness, in great measure, depends upon the prolongation of my life.

May the latter part of your's be unclouded! That your

* A Gentleman in the north of England, who has erected a perfect hamlet round his park, for the reception of aged domestics who served him with fidelity in their youth.

highest gratifications may arise from the filial conduct of your children, is the ardent prayer of

Your tenderly attached,

And dutiful Son,

COLVILLE.

TO MRS. COLVILLE, COLVILLE CASTLE.

THOUGH the kind attention I have received from the amiable Mrs. Douglass can only be exceeded by the maternal proofs of affection I have hourly experienced from my beloved mother, yet, from the moment I quitted Castle Colville, until the receipt of your affectionate letter, I was ungratefully repining at my inability to discover how you had supported my loss.

It appears somewhat doubtful who invented the art of letter-writing, yet the memory of the person deserves to be immortalized; for never, my dear mother, did I experience such a refined gratification, as when your dear, dear letter, was put into my hands.—You desired me to describe the effect which objects so new and dazzling made upon my imagination; but, in this instance, my dearest mother, you have imposed a difficult task; for so completely were my ideas confused upon entering into the gay metropolis, that my mind actually became a perfect chaos. I concluded there must either have been a fair, or races, in London, from the number of carriages which alternately passed and overtook us within six miles of Hyde Park Corner; yet I resolved not to betray my ignorance by making enquiries.

Your poor Louisa, my dear mother, will, I fear, make but a contemptible figure in the gay world; where effrontery, or self-approbation, seem to act as a general passport; and I really am astonished to see with what ease, or, I might have said, assurance, girls of my age will enter into conversation with half a dozen men at a time. Mrs. Douglass having been expected some days before her ar-

rival, several cards of invitation met her eye, which she had scarcely perused, when a thundering rap at the door announced a visitor, and Lady Charlotte Clements flew into the drawing-room, exclaiming, "My dear Mrs. Douglass, I caught an imperfect glimpse of your carriage, and could not resist the inclination I felt to express my joy at your return, and to tell you that my beloved Henry has been promoted to the rank of master and commander; a piece of news which I am certain will afford you the highest satisfaction."

There was an animation in the countenance of the charming Lady Charlotte, as she imparted this intelligence, so completely expressive of sisterly affection, that I could not help fancying our feelings reciprocal; and I instantly became desirous of inspiring her with esteem. Mrs. Douglass joined our hands, as she introduced us to each other; and mentioning me, in terms much too flattering for repetition, said, she hoped we should derive mutual pleasure from each others society. There is an elegance in Lady Charlotte's most trifling actions, that gives her a superiority over every young person with whom I was ever acquainted; which you, my beloved mother, have frequently informed me, was only to be acquired by associating with persons completely well-bred. How ardently do I wish you could see this fascinating young woman, that your approbation might give a sanction to the partiality she has inspired; for that admonition of "Guard your heart against all sudden attachments to your own sex," makes me almost fearful of forming a friendship with the amiable Lady Charlotte.

A few evenings after our arrival, I accompanied Mrs. Douglass to the Hon. Mrs. D——'s, a relation by marriage, whom she only visits annually. There it was, my dear mother, that I had an opportunity of discovering the wide distinction there is in the manners of those who reside in this gay metropolis, and those who, according to their ideas, merely vegetate in the country.

My kind protectress had prepared me, in some measure, for the mortification I was destined to endure this memorable evening, by informing me that she should never have associated with the Hon. Mrs. Draper, had she not been a near relation of her husband's; and that, as in fashionable assemblies every new face attracted attention, I must endeavour to brave a general stare. But oh! my dearest mother, how shall I describe my sensations, when hearing the men, in an audible voice, enquire—"Who I was; where I came from; and what were my pretensions to mix in so elevated a circle." For, you must know, it is the Hon. Mrs. Draper's boast, that she has not a single acquaintance who does not bear a title, or is lineally descended from noble blood.

The curiosity of the men drew upon me the sarcastic animadversion of the women; and so many were the defects discovered in my person, that you will smile when I tell you that, upon retiring to my own chamber, I could not avoid taking a complete survey of myself in the glass; for, though vanity was never a leading feature in my character, I never before felt so completely humbled.

Unfortunately for me, Mrs. Douglass had scarcely entered this elegant assembly, when she was called upon to make a fourth at the whist-table; she therefore placed me under the immediate protection of a Miss Collins, who resides with Mrs. Draper as humble friend and companion, but who is, in the true sense of the word, a *toad-eater*, if you will allow me to make use of such an expression. Miss Collins paid me the compliment of appearing proud of the trust which Mrs. Douglass had reposed in her; and dragged me repeatedly through the crowded apartments, by which means I had the mortification of hearing the various (and I may say) insulting remarks which were made.

Mortified, fatigued, and dispirited, I entered the card-room, for the purpose of entreating Mrs. Douglass to permit her chair-men to carry me home, when Lady Charlotte flew towards me, expressing the joy she felt at this unex-

pected meeting in the most elegant and flattering terms; "for, to say the truth," added she, "I was fearful Mrs. Douglass would not have allowed you to mix with such a fashionable groupe." The polite attention which her ladyship evidently paid me, seemed to act as a sort of charm upon those who had so unceremoniously criticised my person, and taught me a lesson no less useful than those I have been accustomed to hear from the lips of my beloved mother. As the supposed friend of Mrs. Draper's humble companion, I was proclaimed destitute of every external grace and accomplishment; but, when honoured with the most delicate marks of politeness from Lady Charlotte, the same persons loudly compared me to the Paphian Queen.

Oh, my dearest mother, how truly despicable are such characters; and how ardently should I wish to return to the land of sincerity, if I thought the society I am to mix with would prove of such a cast. But the amiable Mrs. Douglass assures me, that, in taking me to Mrs. Draper's public card party, she adopted the plan of the Lacedemonians, who suffered their children to behold vice as well as virtue, that by comparison the former might appear more detestable.

Impatiently do I long to hear from my beloved brother; do not forget the promise of inclosing his letters, as soon as they are read. Mrs. Douglass tells me, she is persuaded no acquisition of fortune will induce him to quit his profession without signalizing himself; therefore, my dearest mother, let me conjure you not to place your hope of happiness upon his speedy return.

My mornings are all devoted to improvement; and I regularly rise between six and seven o'clock. So truly anxious am I to avail myself of those advantages which are to be derived from the instruction of such able masters as those which Mrs. Douglass has procured; for the difference to me is so palpable, that I should blush at not being attentive.

Adieu, my dearest, my best of mothers, with what joy shall I return to the castle again, and once more experience the felicity of personally assuring you that I am

Your grateful, your dutiful,

And truly affectionate girl,

LOUISA COLVILLE.

ON SIRNAMES.

BEING unexpectedly called into the country, where it is not unlikely that I may remain during the greater part of my future life, a sudden stop is put to a species of amusement, with which I have for some time been accustomed to employ my leisure minutes; namely, that of committing to my common-place book every name in any way remarkable, which might strike my eye as a London Observer.—That portion which I have already compiled is, (if worth your notice) very much at the service of your numerous fair readers; and as the letter of your unfortunate correspondent, Matthew Meagre, (a few months ago) gave very great entertainment to an extensive circle of my acquaintance, I am induced to hope that the following particulars may furnish as much amusement to your subscribers in the perusal, as they did to me in the collecting.

Your obedient, T. P.

Among the most remarkably appropriate names and professions, (omitted by Mr. Meagre aforesaid) are perhaps the following:—

Mr. Maule, Surgeon. Can any title be more terribly analogous to the employment. I shudder while I write.

Mr. Thickbroom, Coalmerchant, } These gentlemen
Mr. Collier, Lighterman, } should certainly be partners, they would *sweep* all before them.

Mr. Mould, Cheesemonger. What an attractive name to an Epicurean observer.

Mr. Snow, Calico-*Bleacher*.

Mr. Lovecamp, Military Feather Manufacturer.

Mr. Shuttleworth, Weaver.

Messrs. Stone and Puncheon, Oilmen.

Mr. Letterman, Printer.

And, (though in an humble sphere, I must not omit) Bill *Waters*, Waterman to the stages at the King's Arms, Bishopsgate Street.

Of singular names, not alluding to the employment of their owners, I select—

William Sustenance. This gentleman's profession I do not know, but I often meet his cart in the neighbourhood of Bethnal Green.

Chityson Quinton, (Kingsland Road,) Chimney Sweeper; Dealer in Soot, and ———. What a subject would this gentleman have been for Mr. Adam Fitz-Adam!*

A party from the country entering Bishopsgate Street, in the hope of taking an abundant refreshment at the first pastrycook's, start back with terror at the *anticipated result* of their indulgence, written in large characters over the door thus—Fever, Pastrycook. At a short distance from this alarming sight, they are consoled by an intimation that the bad consequences will not be of long duration, and they all cheerfully enter where appear the less terrible title of "Temporal," Pastrycook.

In Size Lane, near the Mansion House, live two gentlemen in one house, of the same profession, and their names

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* I think it is in the World, that the folly of giving high-sounding christian names to the children of the poor, is so very ably and entertainingly ridiculed.

are so much alike, as to cause (I should imagine, without extreme care,) much perplexity. Thus they appear on different sides of the door—

Millard, Packer.
Stillard, Packer.

If you will take the trouble to walk down Essex Street, in the Strand, you will observe, on the left-hand side of the way, near the bottom, and close together, the names of Fowell, Vowell, Howell, and Dr. Powell.

Mem. Dined at Islington, March —, 1794, with Mr. Pepper, at whose house, among other company, was Mr. Salt.

Mem. June 26, 1802. Lamed for a week; having had one of my corns *violently crushed* by Mr. Golightly.

The following anecdote was told me by a man of veracity. —A countryman passing the City Road, imagined that a certain manufacturer of rolls and biscuits was licensed *to coin* by a new process, reading over his door the title of—Money, Baker. And also, that the same man went into a house in the neighbourhood of Bishopsgate Street, and also into one in Cornhill, thinking to purchase cheap toys for his children: having seen written in a line over the windows — Penny, Looking-Glass Manufacturer. — Farthing, Pocket-Book Maker. Nay, he went so far as to say, the man did actually ask for a farthing pocket-book, and a penny looking-glass.

Mem. Bought some excellent confectionary of a man in Seething Lane, whose appearance reminded me of the celebrated Daniel Lambert; his legs, in particular, were of a most tremendous size; as I left his shop, I could not help thinking fortune rather capricious, to have bestowed such very solid and immoderate *understanders* on a man of the name of *Spindler*.

THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.

NO. IV.

THE air we breathe is rendered unwholesome by the absorption of putrid or inflammable vapours; the explosion of gunpowder; by oil paints; by the volatile spirit of sal ammoniac; by every kind of perfumery, or artificial scents; by the vapour of new plaistered walls; by all putrid substances, and especially by stagnant water, or by the contiguity of burial places. To purify the air, it is only necessary to dip a cloth in lime water, and suspend it near the floor, which will prevent any contamination of fixed air.

TO MAKE FACTITIOUS SELTZAR WATER.

Having procured the proper apparatus from a glass-shop, called a Seltzar water machine, deposit a quantity of marble dust in the first receiver, upon which pour some diluted vitriolic acid. Fixed air is copiously emitted from this mixture, which passes through a tube into the second receiver, which is of a globular form, and must be filled with water; the upper compartment receives the vapour, which may be corked up for use. It has a slightly acid taste, and is a cooling drink in inflammatory diseases; it is considered a powerful antiseptic. Most of the famous mineral waters may be imitated, by adding a quantity of that salt or metal (chiefly iron), which those mineral waters are by analysis known to contain.

CHANGEABLE LANDSCAPE.

Aqua regia dissolves cobalt more easily than the muriatic acid, but not so readily as the nitrous acid. This solution is a celebrated sympathetic ink. If it is diluted with a

sufficient quantity of water, to prevent its action on paper, and then used to write with, the letters are invisible as soon as the clear solution becomes dry; but if the paper is held to the fire for a short time they appear of a fine green colour, which again disappears by removing it, and suffering it to cool. If held to the fire too long, the green colour becomes permanent. From these two inks a very curious changeable landscape is made. The trunks of trees, houses, &c. may be painted with common colours, so as to represent winter. The verdure, the fruits, and the flowers, may be depicted in various shades of the two inks. On approaching the fire, the landscape will gradually be changed from a winter to a summer scene. The trees will begin to shoot out their foliage, and the flowers and the fruits will, by degrees, assume the appearance of maturity. The vivid parts will again fade on being removed from the heat, and the landscape resume the wintery aspect.

ADULTERATION OF WINE.

It is unfortunately the case, that lead, dissolved in vinous liquors, is capable of imparting a rich flavour to them, and even of restoring them, after they have become considerably acidulated; the dangerous consequences of which need not be enumerated, and it is very desirable to be furnished with the means of detecting this pernicious ingredient.—Boil together in a pint of water, an ounce of quick lime and half an ounce of flour of brimstone, and when the liquor is cold pour it into a bottle, cork it up, and reserve it for use. A few drops of this liquor being let fall into a glass of wine, or cyder, containing lead, will change the whole into a colour more or less brown, according to the quantity of lead which it contains. If it is wholly unadulterated, it will be rendered somewhat turbid, but the colour will be rather a dirty white than a blackish brown.

THE SHIELD AND SPECTACLES,

AN ALLEGORICAL ROMANCE.

(Continued from page 152.)

CHAP. III.

THE noise which was made by Enterprise, when he fell, awakened both the prince and his domestic. Junius started up, and imagining, from the situation of his friend, that he had either met with some accident, or was taken suddenly ill, hastened to interrogate and assist him. The foolish replies of the knight at first gave him great surprise, and having vainly endeavoured to discover the cause of the extraordinary state in which he beheld Enterprise, he naturally concluded that he was the victim of enchantment.—"Providence defend us!" exclaimed the old man, "what is to be done now? Softly, softly, my prince; thanks to our good Lady Prudentia, I possess the means of discovering our danger. Now is the time to make use of her miraculous present." With these words he fumbled in the pouch, which was suspended from his neck, for his magic Spectacles, but, to his inexpressible mortification, they were not to be found. "Adsniggins!" cried he, "they must have been spirited. I swear, by all that is worshipful, they were safe enough when I laid down to sleep."—"That is not altogether so clear," replied Junius; "your drowsy head is the cause of this misfortune. But, oh heavens! a worse mischance hath befallen us; my Shield has disappeared. Caitiff, how couldst thou be so negligent?" Caution trembled from head to foot, and most humbly implored forgiveness of the prince; who, in the first transports of indignation, was provoked to use extreme harshness. His attention was, however, for a moment drawn from the terrified culprit, by the unexpected appearance of a stranger, of youthful and prepossessing figure, who at that moment

crossed the path. "Courteous knight," said he, addressing himself to Junius, "I throw myself on your humanity and valour. Circumstances of a peculiarly distressing nature have driven me from my home, to become an unfriended wanderer; but, if you will accept me for a page, I will serve you faithfully to the end of your journey."

While the youth was speaking, Caution surveyed him askance, and secretly execrated his own carelessness, in losing the valuable present, which would have enabled him to detect him in any deception. But Junius was of too liberal and benevolent a mind to suspect, for an instant, that deception could be concealed beneath a form so fair; he therefore readily accepted the proffered service of the young stranger; and having heard a circumstantial relation of what had occurred during his repose, from Enterprise and Caution, he resolved on entering the cottage, not doubting but the fair Syren was the mischievous cause of his present misfortune. "Let us dissemble our resentment, I beseech you," said Caution; "a charge of such a serious nature should be made with circumspection: who knows what malignant spirits may inhabit that apparently humble dwelling. Enchantment may have caused a temporary delusion of our senses; for certain I am, no natural power could have thus thrown me off my guard."—"Thou arguest well," replied Junius, "and thy advice seems seasonable; now proceed we onwards."

With these words the whole party repaired toward the cottage, the door of which stood invitingly open. Junius was the first to enter, and beheld, with surprise, a table spread with a profusion of delicacies, such as could not have been expected beneath a rustic roof. The most exquisite fruits were piled on china dishes of curious workmanship; crystal goblets sparkled with the richest wines, and the apartment was perfumed with the odour of fragrant shrubs; wax lights, of various colours, threw a mild and uncommon reflection on the surrounding objects; yet not a living creature appeared. Junius paused a moment—"Is

this too an illusion of the imagination? It cannot be; come, my friends, we will at least convince our senses that these refreshments are substantial." With these words the prince and his party were preparing to seat themselves, when a curtain, which concealed a recess in the further end of the apartment, was suddenly drawn aside, and a group of females, most fantastically habited, appeared; led by the fascinating hostess, who introduced them to her astonished guests.—"Welcome, gallant knights," she exclaimed, "to the abode of Pleasure; command here freely, and partake, without reserve, of whatever we have in our power to set before you." She then courteously pointed to seats, and rallied her companions on their unusual taciturnity. Each damsel then seated herself by one of our travellers, who gazed with mingled surprise and admiration on the strange group assembled. The prince was seated between the fair mistress of the revels and a female of exquisite beauty, though rather affected in her manners; her name was Vanity, and she whispered such flattering encomiums in the ear of the prince, that he scarcely knew what he was about, or how to divide his attention.—The damsel who engrossed all the notice of Enterprise had not so many personal charms to recommend her, but art supplied what nature had refused; and her accents were so melodious, and her manners so insinuating, that he was insensibly charmed with her conversation, although the sallies of her wit were occasionally severe and sarcastic; her name was Calumny.—By the side of the page sat a girl of about eighteen years of age; her beauty was extreme, and manners irresistably captivating; she regarded him with unconcealed glances of tenderness, and seemed particularly anxious to inspire him with sentiments congenial to her own; but the youth timidly shunned her advances, and obstinately turned his eyes from her, to watch the looks of Junius; the name of this female was Seduction.—Nor must we omit a description of the extraordinary figure who oc-

cupied the seat next to Caution; her features were more agreeable than strictly beautiful; her manners coquetishly playful; and she seemed the most talkative of the party. On her head she wore a bandeau of white satin, on which was painted innumerable eyes and ears, concealed from general observation by a thick veil, which she sometimes folded like a turban, and at other times suffered to fall in loose disorder about her shoulders. She was particularly attentive to Caution, and asked him a thousand questions about the place of his master's destination; but, as the old domestic knew her to be Curiosity, he was careful to evade all her enquiries, and anxiously cast his eyes on every side of the apartment, to discover, if possible, his lost treasure: but in vain.

Junius, meanwhile, yielding to the entreaties of his fair companion, partook unsparingly of the good cheer set before him, when Pleasure stepping aside, returned with a goblet full of wine, which she presented to the prince, and which Enterprise instantly recognised to be that out of which he had drank. The moment Junius raised it to his lips, the word Poison appeared in golden letters on the reverse side of the cup; and the page, rising suddenly from his seat, with one blow dashed it to the ground, where in a moment it was severed into a thousand pieces. A loud and discordant scream echoed through the apartment; the lights were instantly extinguished, and a scene of horror and confusion ensued. "Fly, my prince, while you have yet power," exclaimed the page; "you are not safe here." Enterprise drew his sword, and would have immolated the wretches, who were now like furies attacking the unarmed prince, when a vivid flash of lightning irradiated the chamber. A solemn stillness ensued, the earth trembled beneath their feet, and again a resplendent light illuminated the apartment, when a sight of the most astonishing kind was presented to the eyes of the prince. The same celestial form which appeared to him in his own palace, stood

before him; but her countenance was awfully severe. —"Is it thus, wretched prince," she pronounced, in an impressive tone, "that thou obeyest my commands; forgetting the important object of thy undertaking, amidst the artful blandishments of an enchantress, long known as the inveterate enemy of virtue? Beware, rash youth, nor again venture to incur my displeasure; the consequences may be dreadful. Behold, I bring with me those precious memorials of maternal care, which thy imprudence had so nearly lost; guard them with more discretion in future, and thy reward may yet be obtainable." Junius bent his knee to the ground in submissive gratitude; but a faint giddiness seized him, and he sunk senseless before his benignant monitor.

On recovering, he found himself on the lawn where he had so lately slumbered; his head was supported by his faithful page, who gazed on his pallid features with tender assiduity; while Enterprise bent over him, anxiously attentive to his beloved friend. Caution, loaded with his recovered treasure, the Shield, Scarf, and Spectacles, danced with joy—"Aye, aye," cried he, "others may be deceived as well as me, it seems; but now I bid defiance to all the sorceresses on the face of the earth; now I shall be enabled to distinguish right from wrong." Then peeping through his Spectacles, he continued, "As I live this is a curious sight. Would you believe me, my prince, the beautiful cottage is changed into a miserable hovel, on a barren rock; our beauteous hostess into a shrivelled old hag; Vanity into a hideous screech owl; Seduction into a venemous serpent, writhing in agonies of torture; Calumny into a malicious squinting old maid, who reviles and abuses her former benefactress; and Curiosity into a mischievous black cat."

Having satisfied themselves of the truth of this representation, Junius hastily turned his back on objects so disgusting, and having adjusted his disordered garments, and properly accoutred himself, once more mounted his

steed, and proceeded on his journey; after secretly pouring forth effusions of gratitude to that auspicious power which had protected him from destruction.

(To be continued.)

THE LITERARY SPY.

NO. X.

Clara. By Madame Cottin.

AFTER having bestowed the just tribute of praise on a former work by this lady—"Elizabeth; or, The Exiles of Siberia,"—it is with extreme concern we are now obliged to cast the most severe censure on Clara. The immoral tendency of Rousseau's "Eloisa" has long stamped it with such opprobrium, that not even the inimitable beauty of the composition, nor the many excellent sentiments dispersed throughout that too fascinating work, can possibly render it a subject proper for female perusal, and much less for imitation. Yet the sex of the author, in some measure, proves a justification. But when we find the same theme discussed by one of that sex, whose every word and thought should be chaste, even to severity; we feel the blush of indignation against the servile copyist, who, for a transient popularity, would renounce the applause of virtue, and by a sentimental string, of what some may deem, moral observations at the conclusion, attempt to reconcile us to the pernicious doctrines, which no plausibility can palliate.

On the whole, Clara is but a miserable copy of a faulty original; and we sincerely hope that Madame Cottin will never again degrade her talents by a similar production; nor should we have ventured to express our disapprobation thus freely, but in the hope that those who have the charge of female education will sedulously guard their youthful pupils against that false taste, which may lead them to admire such dangerous productions. While these are en-

couraged and approved, we cannot wonder that novel reading is considered such a dangerous occupation. The libertine trash of a Rosa Matilda, or the illusive sophistry of the work before us, may do more mischief in one hour, than all the amiable sentiments of a Moore, a Bennet, or a Burney, can eradicate in years.

The Idiot Heiress. By the Author of the Citizen's Daughter.

Those readers who delight in "hair breadth 'scapes and perilous adventures," will find ample gratification in this tale, which is full of incident and bustle; and, with the exception of a few improbabilities, may be recommended as an amusing little novel. As the production of a youthful female, we must not examine its defects with too strict a scrutiny; and, where there is no immorality to censure, pass over those trivial inaccuracies, which neither detract from the interest of the story, nor in any material degree lessen the merit of the writer.

EXTRACT.—VOL. I. CHAP. X.

"Transporting our ideas to Bentley Lodge, we will imagine we see the good old lady and her daughter seated by the fire-side, with their work table between them. Mrs. Bentley is making some shirts for a poor widower in the village: Anestatia netting a purse for Sir Lucius Amamore.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Bentley, smiling, "why thou dost keep looking toward the window, child? It is a gloomy evening, and affordeth no temptation to walk: I never saw thee so idle."

"I am not idle, mamma," returned Anastatia, "nor have I any desire to walk; but I often think I hear the sound of horses feet in the path."

"We often fancy what we wish, daughter; perhaps that is thy case. Dost thou expect any one, child?"

"No, mamma; but I thought it would be pleasant if we had some society, now the evenings begin to grow long, to

read, or chat, and tell us a little of what passes in the world."

"Perhaps we may be as well without that knowledge, child; but, methinks it is a long time since we have had a visit from Lucius."

"Yes, mamma, I was thinking so too; and Captain Wilmot seems to have forgotten us."

Mrs. Bentley raised her eyes to her daughter, who dropped her's on her work. "Aye, now the truth is come at last. Well, child, thou hast no need to be ashamed of thy sentiments; I know they are as pure as innocence; and gratitude is not a feeling thou shouldst blush for."

"Indeed, mamma, I should have thought as well of Captain Wilmot, even if he had not done me that service; for his manners are so pleasing, his conversation so interesting, and his countenance so open, that I could not but like him."

"I hope thou dost not *love* him?" said Mrs. Bentley, seriously; and the way in which she spoke made it seem a question. Anastatia was much embarrassed, and was some time before she could speak.

"If gratitude, esteem, and admiration combined, do not compose love, I think I am free; more I will not assert"

"Thou art my own candid child still, I find," cried the good mother, embracing her. "But beware, my girl! check the warmth of these sentiments with timely care, lest thy heart should be irretrievably lost; nay, worse, bestowed on an ingrate. I own I think highly of the youth. He hath sense and energy, tempered with modesty; but we know nothing of his family, fortune, or expectations. He is also ignorant of our real circumstances, and must remain so: besides, if his affections should be engaged."

Anastatia sighed.—"Sincere love is not so easily discovered as some imagine!"

"Thou art right, child! Romance hath painted it in fantastic colours; but truth giveth it a garb more homely."

"And how would you delineate a modern lover?" asked

Anastatia, " that his sincerity might be distinguished from gallantry, civility, design, or hypocrisy?"

" In the attire of common sense," replied her mother; " An honourable and disinterested lover, is one who will rather pay court to thine understanding than to thy person; will treat thee with attention and respect, without fulsome fondness, or tiresome importunity. He will seek to gratify every proper wish of thy heart, and guard thy conduct from error, thy fame from aspersion. He will forego his own gratification, in every respect, to promote thy advantage; and his every action will be regulated by that delicacy which invariably governs a pure attachment."

" All this I believe," replied Anastatia; " but where can such a paragon be found?"

" In a man of sense and education," returned Mrs. Bentley. " it may be found; and I err much if Wilmot be not the man. In truth, my child, I have never yet seen any one to whom I would so readily confide thee as our young friend. But should Lucius ———" She was interrupted by the ringing of the bell, and in a moment Wilmot entered. Consciousness gave a bright glow to the cheeks of Anastatia, which was heightened by her mother saying— " Welcome, worthy friend! thou wert even now the subject of our conversation."

" I was greatly honoured, madam," returned Wilmot, bowing on the hand she extended to him.

" I suppose that is but the fashionable phrase for saying thou art glad. We primitive christians are not used to the ceremonious forms of speech."

" May ceremony ever be banished, where friendship finds room," replied Leonard, seating himself beside Anastatia, who had not yet ventured to speak; and, addressing her, continued, " I would give a trifle to know how you have been using me in my absence."

" Only as a deserter merited," said Anastatia; " striking his name from the list, and putting it in the black book."

"That is better than being superceded," said Wilmot, significantly. "But it is very mortifying to think that I have been in the room ten minutes, and yet you have not condescended to look at me."

"How do you know?" said Anastatia, quickly.

"Because I am persuaded you would have seen that indisposition only, has occasioned what you call my desertion."

"Hast thou been ill?" cried Mrs. Bentley; "I am much concerned; draw nearer to the fire, there is a chill air on that side."

Leonard smiled.—"I am very *warm here*, madam." Then checking the involuntary expression of his countenance, which had already disconcerted his fair neighbour; he said, "I have been occupied by many distressing concerns since I saw you last, ladies. The death of an esteemed relation was an affliction, not to be balanced by the augmentation of fortune it has contributed to. In addition to which, some unpleasant occurrences have taken place in the family of Lord Strathmore: Lady Azelia, the heiress, has absconded, no one knows how or whither. It has, as you may imagine, occasioned much confusion; she has been missing a week, and still no intelligence has been obtained."

Discourse concerning Lady Azelia engrossed them the remainder of the evening. Wilmot, though politely assiduous to Anastatia, forbore to give any hint of the preference he felt, while every hour spent in her society increased it. He was sensible that it was an indulgence too dangerous to be hazarded often; yet blamed himself that he remained in doubt, without explaining his sentiments to the mother, and learning from her the true state of Anastatia's heart. These wavering ideas threw an embarrassment over him, which Miss Bentley construed into a too quick perception of her thoughts, and a check upon her growing attachment. She had heard him speak of Lady Jane Norrington, as a beautiful and accomplished woman; his residence with the family, his friendship for the viscount, the interest

he took in their affairs—all served to afford her conviction, that it was to Lady Jane alone his heart was devoted."

* * * * *

Juvenile Publications.

THOUGH a review of these peurile subjects may, perhaps, be deemed uninteresting to some of our readers, we consider it not altogether unnecessary to devote a page occasionally to the mention of those particularly worthy of recommendation; as we consider a judicious selection of books, for the amusement of children, as a material part of education, and a point of infinitely more consequence than is usually imagined. There is a species of composition, which, however unimportant it may appear to a superficial observer, frequently lays the foundation of a refined taste and poetical genius; we allude to those little Tales in verse, which, when well written, both delight and improve the youthful mind. Among many meritorious works of this kind, we take pleasure in noticing some recent publications of an ingenious author, whose name is at present unknown to us, but of whose superior talents we have had several pleasing specimens. Those which come under our present observation, bear the following titles—"Old Friends in a New Dress"—"The Conjuror; or, The Turkey and the Ring"—"Little Thumb and the Ogre"—"The Master Cat; or, Puss in Boots"—and "The Fairy." These are written in an easy style of versification, yet arranged with grammatical precision, and founded on popular stories. We were particularly pleased with the Fairy, which contains an impressive lesson on the advantages resulting from politeness and good temper. They are embellished with several diverting wood cuts. As a short specimen, we subjoin the following *Moral* to the Tale of the Fairy:—

The Moral is clear which from hence we obtain,
That Temper may prove either blessing or bane;

For pride is despised, and with scorn disregarded;
But mildness and gentleness ever rewarded.

The bosom which envy or rancour corrodes,
Vents words like the poison of adders and toads;
While the bosom of virtue its value discloses,
In words rich as jewels, and fragrant as roses.

Sold by E. Dutton, Gracechurch Street.

LEWELLIN AND THE BARD.

(Continued from page 184.)

WHILE the unfortunate Editha remained thus absorbed in the deepest affliction, the prince abandoned himself to every species of licentiousness; surrounded by profligate courtiers, and seduced by the arts of designing women, he forgot that he was a husband and a father. A dangerous illness was the consequence of his excesses; but, although brought almost to the gates of death, his parasites were too wily to let the least expression drop from them, likely to remind him of his injured princess; while, on his part, shame and compunction tied his tongue. Fain would the beauteous Editha have flown to administer those tender cares which her heart suggested; though wounded in the nicest point of female sensibility—slighted affections.—She suffered the tender feelings of her heart to predominate over her just resentment, yet approach him she dared not; and her anxiety, on his account, agonized her beyond all she had already suffered from his unkindness.

"Withhold me no longer," shee xclaimed to the venerable Madoc, her only friend, adviser, and comforter, in the mournful solitude she had chosen: "Though he is unmindful of his duty, it is mine to forgive injuries; he is my husband, the object of my first and only love. His head, not his heart, have been in error; it is not yet too late to recal him to a sense of rectitude and honour."—Madoc shook his head with an air of solemnity, which

struck a cold chill to the heart of Editha; all her enthusiastic hopes vanished, and grasping his hand, while tears of anguish fell from her mild azure eyes, she cried—"What must I do? My child, my lovely girl, must she remain fatherless?"—"A wild, yet irresistible idea has entered my mind," replied the thoughtful Madoc; "I have a friend, a physician, a man of humane heart, and one who has great influence at court; I had once the power to render him a service; perhaps gratitude may not sleep in his breast; if so, I think there is yet a way. Farewell! we part but for a short time;" and with these words the bard quitted the presence of the princess. The time seemed tediously long during his absence; yet scarcely had twenty-four hours elapsed before he returned, with a placid smile upon his benignant countenance.—"All succeeds beyond my expectation," said he; "the only obstacle rests with you."—"What is it you purpose?" enquired the dejected Editha.—"To reinstate you in your rights, and to give to this child a father."—"Desirable object!" exclaimed the princess, "Can you dread any obstacle from me?"—"But she must quit you for several days, perhaps weeks."—"Terrible proposition," cried Editha, drawing her child still closer to her bosom; "sooner would I relinquish my life."—"As I expected," returned Madoc; "then nothing can be done."—"Explain, I beseech you," cried the princess; "Wherefore must she quit me?"—"I can explain nothing; on the success of my enterprise depends your fate; confide in me; I feel a prophetic impulse urging me to what I propose."—"You never yet counselled me to what was wrong," replied the sorrowing Editha; "be it as you desire."—"I claim your promise ere you retract it," said Madoc; "embrace the child, and bear this short separation with fortitude." Editha gazed rapturously on her beloved daughter, who fondly hung on every look; but assured that her absence would be short, and conducive to the happiness of her adored mother, she suffered herself to be persuaded into serenity, and endeavoured to cheer the dis-

consolate Editha with her endearing wiles; then tearing herself away, acccompanied the bard to the place of their destination.

The good physician, to whose house they repaired, received his illustrious guest with smiles of pleasure, and unconcealed astonishment at the inimitable graces which already distinguished the beauteous Ellinor. "Remember," said Madoc, in an impressive tone, "the charge is important; I consign this blooming pledge to thee, in full assurance of thy humanity and integrity; restore her to me in safety, or dread the vengeance of offended heaven, drawn down upon thy head by the imprecations of one who has never yet incurred its wrath; and by the lamentations of an injured and oppressed woman.—Ellinor, my love, submit thyself implicitly to the directions of this worthy man; he is thy friend, the friend of thy mother; and as he acts with integrity toward thy orphan innocence, may the omnipotent power reward and bless him." Ellinor hung round the neck of the tender Madoc; her cherub like hands smoothed back his hoary locks, and imprinting a kiss of filial love upon his furrowed brow, she promised obedience to whatever should be required of her by him, or whoever he appointed to watch over her conduct. "May the all righteous power preserve thee," exclaimed Madoc, pressing her to his throbbing heart; "and guide thy steps to virtue and happiness." And with this parting benediction he hurried away.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE FOUNDATION OF LANGUAGE.

THE language which is at present spoken throughout Great Britain, is neither the ancient primitive speech of the island, nor derived from it; but is altogether of foreign origin. The language of the first inhabitants of our island, beyond doubt, was the Celtic, or Gaëlic, common to them

with Gaul; from which country it appears, by many circumstances, that Great Britain was peopled. This Celtic tongue, which is said to be very expressive and copious, and is probably one of the most ancient languages in the world, obtained once in most of the western regions of Europe. It was the language of Gaul, of Great Britain, of Ireland, and very probably of Spain also; till in the course of those revolutions, which, by means of the conquest, first of the Romans, and afterwards of the northern nations, changed the government, speech, and, in a manner, the whole face of Europe, this tongue was gradually obliterated; and now subsists only in the mountains of Wales, in the Highlands of Scotland, and among the Wild Irish. For the Irish, the Welch, and the Erse, are no other than different dialects of the same tongue, the antient Celtic.

BLAIR.

ANECDOTE.

STEPHEN KEMBLE, of enormous rotundity of paunch, happening to pass through Newport Market, the butchers set up their usual cry of "What d'ye buy? What d'ye buy?" Stephen parried this for some time, by saying, he did not want any thing. At last, a butcher starts from his stall, and eyeing Stephen's figure from top to bottom, which certainly would not lead one to think he fed on air, exclaimed, "Well, sir, though you do not now want any thing, only *say* you buy your meat of me, and you will make my fortune."

Observations on the Fashions.

THE hair is worn in large light curls on the top, extremely thin at the sides, and either cropped behind, or simply twisted, and secured by a silver arrow; the head of which is curiously wrought, and forms the only ornament in front. Some prefer a velvet band, with an antique clasp; which has a pleasing effect.

Black chip hats seem likely to be the prevailing fashion this month. The Caledonian Gipsy, the Cottage, and the Pomona hat, are the most admired; they are ornamented with autumnal flowers, or branches of vine, and have in general a half handkerchief of net, embroidered, to correspond.

The ornaments generally worn are composed of pebbles, which form the most beautiful necklaces, broaches, &c.

The shawl has, with the advance of the season, given place to the more convenient and becoming pelisse. These are chiefly made of garnet, or palm coloured kerseymere, embroidered with chenille, or trimmed with very light fur.

Coloured bombazeens, with velvet, cord, or worked edges, are universally worn; they are made very high across the bosom, with strait backs, and sleeves down to the elbow, ending in a point.

Shoes of satin, richly embroidered, are worn in full dress. For undress we recommend a velvet shoe, secured rather high on the instep, with a gold or silver clasp, as equally fashionable and elegant.

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—A short dress of muslin.—A pelisse of green silk, trimmed with puffings of green crape.—A gipsy hat, of white chip and ribbon, ornamented with a green wreath.

Fig. 2.—A dress of fine leno over white satin; sleeves short and full; the bottom of the dress, bosom, and sleeves richly embroidered in colours.—The hair fashionably dressed.

Sands Sc.

WALKING DRESS. FULL DRESS.

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry Nov.r 1.st 1808.

Dowager. Marchioness of Donegal.

Published by Vernor & Co Dec.r 1. 1808

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

VALOUR'S REQUIEM.

'TWAS eve, and o'er the billowy deep,
The moon shed forth a silver light;
Each ruder breeze was hush'd to sleep,
When *Ocean's minstrels* rose to keep—
The vigil of *Trafalgar's fight.*

Sad on the ear their hearse notes swell,
Slow mingled with the murmuring surge;
Fancy still heard the passing bell,
The gallant *Hero's* funeral knell—
Rung 'mid the Triton's mournful dirge.

NELSON they sung, the *Victor brave!*
His dazzling path by duty led;
How on the crimson tinted wave
He early prest a *conqueror's grave*—
And slept among the *mighty dead.*

They sung of fam'd *St. Vincent's* shore,
Where mem'ry lingers with a smile;
His deeds where *Egypt's* billows roll,
Where *glory* led his daring soul—
And hail'd him—"HERO OF THE NILE!"

How waving in the whirlwind's blast,
BRITANNIA'S CROSS with conscious pride;
Flew on the "*Victory's*" bending mast,
While *Trafalgar's* achievement past—
They sung how—NELSON *conquering died!!!*

This tribute o'er, by *Neptune* paid,
To *Him* whom *valour* loves to weep!
To *Him* who bow'd his laurell'd head,
Who low with kindred dust is laid—
Again the *minstrels* sought the deep.

Yet while amid yon azure way,
Luna's pale orb her sphere retains:
Affection on this *glorious day*—
Shall still with faithful duty pay—
The requiem to his *lov'd remains.*

BRITAIN shall mourn her *gallant son,*
Snatch'd from below by HEAVEN'S decree;
His race of *matchless splendor* run,
Crown'd with the wreaths of victories won—
And CONQUEROR *of the stormy sea.*

Now peaceful slumb'ring 'mid the gloom,
Death's narrow, dreary, confines raise
In verdure still his laurels bloom,
Glories the darkling shade illume,
While guardian seraphs round his tomb—
Unite in choral *hymns of praise.*

F. C. S. Oct. 21, 1808. TRAFALGARIUS.

A WAR ODE.

1.

TO arms! to arms! Iberia haste!
Already o'er thy hills are past,
Host after host, advancing fast,
To yoke thy sons in slavery.

2.

Shall Gallia's eagles, birds of war,
That scent the freeman's blood afar,
Plum'd by ambition; shall they dare
Tow'r amidst th' Iberian skies.

3.

Are ye freemen!—to the field:
Like freemen then disdain to yield,
It's freedom won, or slav'ry seal'd,
As turns the purple tide of fight.

4.

By souls long gather'd to yon spheres,
Whose feats illum'd the march of years,
Wont to urge forth with beamy spears:
The ardent sons of chivalry!

5.

Gallia, in vain your arms combine,
No future meed of victory's thine,
Defeat around thy brow shall twine,
The cypress wreath of foul despair.

6.

And hark! * with notes of wild acclaim,
Bursts on the air the trump of fame;
Iberia, again is rais'd thy name.
Ambition! thy career is staid!

A FREEMAN

LINES

Sent to a Young Lady whose Lineaments resembled those of the Author's faithless Mistress's.

WHATEVER fires the poet's heart,
Whether from nature, or from art,

* The recent victories over the French.

The source of pleasure springs;
Gives vigour to the Muse's lore,
And bids imagination soar,
On fancy's eagle wings.

Then wonder not, most beauteous fair,
If many a bard aspires to share
The tribute of thy smiles;
Such is the boon I humbly claim,
Rather than wish the trump of fame
To recompence my toils.

When first thy countenance I view'd,
With more than common charms endued,
Thy attitude divine!
I thought of one (oh, dread decree!)
Of *one*, who thinks no more of me;
Tho' promis'd to be mine.

But surely if the eye can trace
Her *mental* lustre from the *face*,
Thy soul proves more sublime!
Virtuous and noble thou wouldst deem,
FASHION—a fool's fantastic dream—
INCONSTANCY—a crime!

SONNET.

WHEN straying, Mary, by thy side,
Where Ocean's ever ruthless tide
Invades the rocky shore,
Each scene would please!—but *now* I find,
Since thou hast left those scenes behind,
They solace me no more.

Yet mem'ry oft thy loss supplies,
Restoring to my tearful eyes

Thy joy inspiring charms;
Oh, fond delusion! why so fleet?
Why (as thy magic charms I greet)
Thus hasten from my arms.

Mary, in vain thy flight I mourn,
In vain implore thee to return;
But *this* shall be my prayer,
That when a long, long life is past,
And thou ascend'st to Heaven at last,
That I may meet thee there!

MARAZION. M. P. MOYLE.

TO A LADY'S KID GLOVE.

GO, virgin kid, with lambent kiss,
Salute a virgin's hand;
Go, senseless glove, and reap a bliss,
Thou dost not understand.

Securely may'st thou touch the fair,
Which few securely can;
May press her cheek, her lips, and hair,
And wanton with her fan.

May coach it with her to and fro,
To masquerades and plays;
Ah! couldst thou hither come and go,
And tell me what she says.

Go, kid, and when the morning cold
Shall nip her lily arm,
Do thou, oh dare I be so bold,
With kisses make it warm.

E. T.

TO PAIN.

AWAY, spread thy wings to the regions of night,
Cursed fiend, with all thy fell train;
For long hath my bosom sore felt thy keen spight,
Ah! has long own'd thy flinty domain.

Thou hast robb'd me of peace, of the blessing of rest,
The sweetest of gifts here below;
And has flung o'er my shoulders grief's sadd'ning vest,
That furrow'd with wrinkles my brow.

If I wander where Flora trips o'er the green mead,
Array'd in her holiday suit;
I gaze as unconscious as cattle that feed
On the grass, that around me doth shoot.

Not ev'n the gay birds, with their musical tributes,
Can administer balm to my soul;
Nor the health-fanning breezes Aurora distributes,
When Sol his bright car 'gins to roll.

Or if by the fire, screen'd from the cold wind,
I sit with a book, or a friend;
Alas! no enjoyment, no pleasure I find,
But my hours in misery spend.

When Nox o'er the earth waves his ebony wand,
And thousands of stars dimly gleam;
I deck my soft pillow, that sleep's softer hand
May guide me to Lethe's dull stream.

But the deity, deaf to my pitiful claim,
From my couch flies the further away;
And leaves, bath'd in tears, my woe-wearied frame,
To lament his protracted delay.

Then cease, cruel tyrant, t' inflict thy keen rod,
On a mortal o'erloaded with care;
Withdraw thy sharp tooth, that the soul-soothing god
May consent with a smile to my prayer.

Finsbury, Oct. 10, 1808. JOSEPH HAWKINS.

CHARADE.

MATERNAL affection my first will display,
Without the advantage of speech;
And an impressive lesson its manners convey,
Though nature ne'er form'd it to teach.

For thought, or reflection, it never possest,
Yet gentle and docile its kind;
Again 'tis a mound, in the north, east, or west,
By which rapid streams are confin'd.

My second maternal affection receives,
Though that feeling it never displays;
And both father and mother too often it grieves,
By perverse and untractable ways.

Yet again I have seen it both parents respect,
And treat with affection and fear;
And no one attention or kindness neglect,
That could render it worthy and dear.

My whole in its natural state's only seen,
When autumn's rich tints gild the skies;
'Tis a fruit which, like others, when unripe is green,
And one which we do not much prize.

SOLUTION

TO THE CHARADE IN OUR LAST.

THAT sordid wretch (who, *covc*-tous of gain,)
With increas'd wealth finds but increasing pain;
Whose bonds and *covc*-nants, whose hoards of gold,
Afford no comfort—for his heart is cold!

Stretch'd on the bed of sickness, where he lies,
Without one friend to close his dying eyes;
Misdeeds appal his guilty soul with fear,
And the hoarse knell *rings* heavy on his ear:
Rapacious yet—'till the last death-pang o'er—
And MAMMON's wretched victim breathes no more!
Boundless his wealth, insatiate his desires,
Unpityed, unlamented, he expires!
On earth he leaves his hoards, earth was his trust,
And earth affords a COVERING to his dust.

F. C. S. Oct. 6, 1808. TRAFALGARIUS.

SOLUTION

OF THE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.

Shoes.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR good friend, Mrs. P——, will perceive that we are not negligent of her favours; want of room occasioned our omission of her contribution last month.

To our "Puzzle Pate" corespondent we can only say, that it is inconsistent with our ideas of justice, to copy any thing from another periodical work; we must, therefore, decline the insertion of the Enigma she took the trouble to transcribe.

We are sorry that accidental circumstances occasioned the mistake in arranging the Portraits complained of by E. T.; we shall endeavour to be more circumspect in future. Private reasons also oblige us to discontinue that article alluded to in the other part of her letter.

The length of J. M. L.'s note precludes the possibility of its being inserted in its present form; if he will take the trouble to versify it, we will give it a place, and have no doubt of its being interesting. We are obliged to him for his Solution of the Charade; but as it was anticipated, we hope he will excuse our omission of it.

W. Browne's favour shall be inserted next month: as shall the contributions by N. Frousinet.